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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

HYMN

Written for the twenty-third meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 27, 1909.

Tune, Duke Street

From many ways and wide apart,
We meet beside the inland sea,
The pulses of whose mighty mart
Throb with the new world's prophecy.

Oh, blest the souls that see and hear
The things of God today revealed,
Of old to longing saint and seer
Within the future closely sealed:

The stir of nations near and far,
The wakened hearts that beat as one,
The flow of peace, the ebb of war,
The passing night, the rising sun!

Be ours the vision, ours the will
To follow, though the faithless ban;
The love that triumphs over ill,
The trust in God and hope for man.

And thou whose tides of purpose bear
These mortal lives that come and go,
Give us to feel through toil and prayer
Thy deep eternal underflow!

F. L. HOSMER.

Berkeley, Cal., Sept. 11, 1909.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909. NUMBER 5.

GOD'S WORD

Not only in the Book,
Is found God's Word,
But in the song of every brook
And every bird.

In sun and moon and star
His message shines;
The flowers that fleck the green fields are
His fragrant lines.

His whisper in the breeze,
And His the voice
That bids the leaves upon the trees
Sing and rejoice.

Go forth, O soul! nor fear
Nor doubt, for he
Shall make the ears of faith to hear,—
The eyes to see.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

While we write, the Unitarian forces are rallying. William C. Gannett preached at Lincoln Centre last Sunday morning to a delighted audience on "Dust Will Keep, But Violets Won't." Mr. Gannett and his successor in the Rochester church, Mr. Rumball, and Mr. Doremus, now of Massachusetts but for one student-summer care-taker and preacher at Lincoln Centre and office editor of UNITY are quartered at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The Unitarian trains are arriving, but further than this it is not within the range of UNITY to report this week.

Knoxville, Tennessee, has a park association "manned" by women who know the value of an epigram. Among their published suggestions are the following:

"Wherever the ground shows bare, plant something green."
"Exercise the same supervision over your sidewalk as over your front yard."

The last epigram may be suspected of bordering on socialism, but it is a benign socialism of which no municipality can have too much. One's interest in the private enclosure called "front yard" can never be so profound as his interest in that which lies just beyond the fence, the public property. The wealth that truly enriches the most obscure individual or the most aggressive capitalist is the common-wealth.

The assistant secretary of the National Association for the Study and Cure of Tuberculosis announces that $8,000,000 has already been appropriated in 1909 for the work of preventing and suppressing consumption. Twenty-eight state legislatures have appropriated $4,000,000; county and municipal appropriations amount to $3,000,000, while the federal government spends $1,000,000 for the support of its sanitariums. Thus, steadily and more rapidly than we can realize, the preventive and life-preserving functions of government are supplanting the penal and life-destroying functions of the old regime, based on the thought of war and trusting for its strength in the power of the sword.

We learn from the *Survey* that Portland, Seattle, Chicago, Atlanta, and Los Angeles are all to have women police. The *Survey* calls them "policewomen," but that is emphasizing the sex line unduly. The thought of sex may well be minimized if not eliminated when it comes to the guardians of the public weal. We no longer have editresses or poetesses or authoresses. The word "police" may well stand for a civic function the duties of which are assuming more and more the housekeeping and home-making interests. The man with a billy still, unfortunately, has a place in the public park, but the woman with her bandages, her milk can and cup of tea, is also necessary, and her presence on the "police force" is to become so common as to provoke neither comment nor surprise. The "lady-policeman" at Los Angeles is a Wellesley graduate, and it is said that the only jewel she wears is the star bestowed upon her on taking the oath of office.

Last Sunday witnessed the dedication of the completed Unity Temple at Oak Park, Ill., over which Dr. R. F. Johonnot is pastor. Dr. Samuel Eliot, president of the A. U. A., preached the dedication sermon in the morning and in the evening a fellowship meeting was addressed by Messrs. Hawley of Unity Church, Bartlett of the Church of the Redeemer, Case of St. Paul's Church, Jones of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and again by Dr. Eliot of Boston. Devotional readings were given by Rev. Florence Buck of Kenosha. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Smith, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, and Rev. William C. Gan-

nett of Rochester pronounced the benediction. UNITY congratulates its neighbors of Oak Park on having attained to this novel, unique and very beautiful temple with its connected parish house. It is a study in architecture as well as in church history, probably the most deliberate, elaborate and successful attempt yet made to apply the "new construction" to church architecture. The building is entirely constructed of re-enforced concrete so that now in its completed state it is one solid monolith. It is not only built on the rock but it is a rock-built church. The new temple was filled morning and evening by those who rejoiced in the triumph, who were generous in their praise of what they saw and heard and sincere in their pledges for future fellowship and usefulness. UNITY congratulates the Unity Church of Oak Park.

A peculiar pathos and interest gather around the review in *The Survey* for September 18, of William English Walling's work entitled "Russia's Message," from the pen of the lamented Samuel J. Barrows, himself a student of Russia and Russian problems at short range. It is most encouraging to see these specialists on Russia and Russian life finding in this darkest corner of Europe, this belated home of despotism, grounds for enthusiastic hopes, the prospects of human leadership. Says Mr. Walling:

> The future of humanity is being decided in Russia because it is Russia alone among the great nations that has not already definitely chosen the path of her development.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Russia is more vitally alive to every great political and social issue than the freest countries. . . . The soul of the future civilization is foreshadowed in the conflict. . . .
>
> * * * * * *
>
> This is why so many great thinkers feel that the present revolution means more to humanity than any great popular movement, political, economic or religious, that all history records.

Mr. Barrows sums up his interesting and critical analysis of Mr. Walling's book as follows:

> The writer of this review, himself a recent visitor to Russia, came away from that country with a conviction of the profound intellectual, social, and moral forces that are working together for the emancipation of the Russian people. That the struggle will eventually issue in full political freedom the writer has the firmest conviction. France and the United States through great political revolutions have already made a permanent contribution to human history. They have sent their message to Russia, and now, it may be, by another pathway of revolution, Russia will emerge from its village democracy not only into political freedom, but into an era of social justice and equality. Mr. Walling's faith in Russia is founded on his faith in humanity. Not all his social program may be realized; but if social and political justice in the larger sense be not achieved, not only democracy, but humanity itself is a failure.

"Only Women and Kids!"

This was the only sneering remark that the writer heard made concerning the imposing parade which blocked the streets of Chicago for several hours last Saturday. It was the second annual parade of the temperance forces. The *Tribune,* in what seems to be a careful estimate, says that over 16,000 people were in line and that the streets were lined with 25,000 more spectators. The procession started at the corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-first street, promptly at half past two in the afternoon, and the column was still moving at six in the evening. General Frederick Grant, commander of the Department of the Lakes, headed the procession. He was followed by a remnant of the G. A. R., the George H. Thomas Post of Chicago; then came the ministers, a half hundred or more strong, after which came in continuous stream, in floats and on foot, wagons, carts and automobiles, representatives of the Salvation Army, churches, Sunday-schools, civic orders, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, with banners and mottoes, symbols and costumes,—fantastic, sarcastic and serious. The column was interspersed with bands of music and the march broken in with bursts of song. It was a quiet, one might almost say a solemn procession. The humor, when it appeared, was grim; the jokes were sad because the inspirations were so serious, the situation so critical.

It was a procession without ribaldry; it was a direct assault upon the saloon and its minions, but they endured the exposure or the sarcasm, as case might be, with a silence and a submission that were almost pathetic.

There was no absence of men, young men and boys marching in the spirit of '61 and '65, in the interest of liberty, "shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

But the cynicism of our head line was justified. The unique thing in the parade was the number of "women and kids." Dear old grandmothers wreathed in red, white and blue were to be seen in the carriages; well organized and uniformed battalions of Salvation Army lasses added picturesqueness to the column, and the Sunday-school teachers, the W. C. T. U. workers with their message and their messengers were in evidence all the way up and down the line. One stalwart young mother carrying aloft her babe in her arms, striding along with the tread of a soldier, attracted the attention of the writer and suggested the tragedy back of it. Unrelated and unorganized, she took her place in the line in the middle of the street. Such object lessons, such civic parables, were in evidence all up and down the prophetic line.

The Senior Editor of UNITY took his place in this column and marched once more with the "old boys" under the flying colors of Old Glory, and for him the sneer of the on-looker was changed into cheer. The column that contains a large percentage of "women and kids" is invincible. Those who would oppose their march must stand aside or be run over. "The women and kids" represent the voters of the future, all the voters of the future. And the "women and kids" are on the side of the "Dry." Whither they go the saloons may not go.

Anyone with a constructive imagination witnessing this column saw the advance guard of the unconquerable host that will make even Chicago "dry." "THE SALOON MUST GO!!" was on the banners of the boys last Saturday; it will be on the ballots of the same boys ten years hence, and the verdict which was the shout of the "kids" will be the legal enactments of the men.

One year ago UNITY rejoiced in the first parade; it rejoices no less in this second parade. This parade is argument to the imagination; it is logic to the emotion; it is a tonic to the will, an inspiration to the conscience.

Let the "women and kids" fall in, "touch elbows, guide right and forward march," for the kingdom is for such.

Such triumph is evidenced not only by the eye of faith, but it is witnessed to by the immediate facts. Already the saloonkeepers are trying to pledge themselves to more decency, to offer to the community less dissipation and more fraternity; to be law-abiding instead of law-defying. This effort among saloon men to reform themselves is direct evidence of the potency of the "women and kid" movement in this and kindred demonstrations. Let the good work go on. Let the temperance parade become an annual parade, a holiday in the calendar of cities and villages everywhere. Let it become a national recruiting day for the armies of sobriety; a great militia rally on the manoeuvering grounds of temperance.

Ninety-two Years

When this high altitude is reached in human life with the heart still young and the mind still looking forward and climbing, all limitations of time and space seem to grow elastic and incidental, and the "perennial fountain of youth" seems not a fancy but a reality.

"An Observer" in the *LeRoy News*, a local paper hidden away somewhere in the beautiful hills of Central New York, has been moved to interpret beautifully one of these "Ninety-two-Year Revelations." We make room for it in the columns of UNITY. We do so, not only because this friend has done much towards keeping UNITY forever young, though that would be adequate reason, but because UNITY knows so well of the perpetual stream of benefaction and the continuous radiance of cheer and helpfulness that have rendered the ninety-two years cumulative in their benevolence.—EDITOR.

One evening a few weeks ago, in company with a Le Roy friend, I sat on the wide veranda of a beautiful summer home on the western slope of the Wyoming valley. The sun, slowly sinking at our backs, was gently kissing the tops of the eastern hills good-night. Between us sat a woman whose life has been as golden as the rays of that setting sun and as I gazed upon her peaceful countenance, crowned by the silvery hair of ninety-two years, I thought what a benediction upon womanhood has been the life of Susan Look Avery. To comparatively few is it given to live as long as has she and to fewer still the full retention of unusually bright and keen mental activity. I doubt if there is a person living in the United States who has given more time to the study of all great questions of the past fifty years than Mrs. Avery, or who has a more intelligent understanding of them. She has never been content with learning for herself, but has vigorously insisted that others become informed as well, and her "liberal education bureau," I dare say, has at one time or another had connections in every state in the Union. Her painstaking correspondence for the enlightenment of mankind upon topics that are of vital consequence puts to shame us weaker mortals who neglect personal correspondence with a regularity that is beautiful and even allow business letters to accumulate unanswered upon our desks. For years past Mrs. Avery has stated positively that she preferred talking to men rather than women because they possessed the power of the ballot which is wrongfully denied the women. With her, no question is settled until it is settled right, and this can only be accomplished by elevation through education and the conviction born of intelligence.

"Have I ever asked you my conundrum?" questioned Mrs. Avery on the evening mentioned. A negative reply invoked the following: "What is the highest possible attainment for an individual?" The answer was, "The ability to influence for good the largest number of people." "If that be true," continued the speaker, "another question follows: 'How is that ability attained, whether by teaching, preaching or journalism?' Of course by whoever has the largest audience, which is unquestionably the journalist, making him very responsible for a great many things."

The conundrum has become more impressive to me with each recurring thought. It is undeniably true that every individual has the ability to influence for good some one else, yet how many of us are passing through this life with little or no thought of our influence, unconsciously allowing it to run rampant in and out among those with whom we are brought in contact and permitting it to affect them and their lives as it will. Would it not be well for us to brush up a speaking acquaintance with our influence, to take an accounting of its assets and liabilities and ascertain whether or not it is working up to its full capacity for good?

I believe with Mrs. Avery that the journalists of the country have a great responsibility, and their possibilities of influencing for good are not being improved to the extent that present-day conditions would seem to demand. There is too much mercenary journalism, planted and apparently flourishing on the graves of individuality, ideals and civic betterment. Instead of "hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they may," the newspapers of today are fawning before selfishness, popularity and indecision, ignoring the path of duty and seeking the easiest way. Occasionally we see a bark with its sails trimmed making its way against the tide of floating journalism, but the instances are few. The influence of the press has never been at lower ebb and the demand for free-thinking, out-spoken and honest newspapers exceeds that of any other time in the history of our country.

It was more particularly, however, of the personal influence for good, possessed by all, that I have been thinking, and of the possibilities that surround us each day. Mankind should be more mindful of these opportunities and seek their improvement while "passing this way." Knowledge is power and the use of that knowledge for good is sublime. Few people have accomplished this more nobly than Susan Look Avery, and it is to be regretted that the larger circle of acquaintances who have been helped by knowing her could not be multiplied a thousand-fold.

THE PULPIT

The Return to the Altar

SUNDAY MORNING SERMON AT THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, BY JOSEPH NEWTON

And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. Luke 4:14.

And so our vacation is over, and we return to our tasks—let us hope that we return in the power of the Spirit of Jesus. Anyway, we return. Back to his desk comes the man of affairs, to meet the old perplexities and to make new bargains. Back to the schools come the teachers and the pupils, to walk the familiar paths of learning. Back to the home comes the mother, to set the domestic machinery going—a little flurried, or fussy, until things run smoothly. The boy, having asked for a generous sum of money, takes his jolly way back to college halls, as many a student has done before him, to learn slowly, sometimes very slowly, that there is no excellence without doing things over and over again. Back to the strain of care, to the presence of sorrow, to the dominion of duty come myriads of quivering souls, who know too well the futility of attempted escape, and who are bent on making the best terms they can with their labors.

For we live the repetitive life. It is this fact which gives to our human lot, at times, a sense of sameness, if not of monotony. Suns rise and set; rivers run to the sea and return in chariots of cloud. Men are born to eat and work and sleep, amidst light and shadow, pain and joy, faith and doubt, love and death, and to sleep return, walking the same old paths their fathers trod. It was this fact that oppressed the soul of the melancholy preacher of the book of "Ecclesiastes," filling him with a sense of the vanity of mortal things. He saw nothing new under the sun. All things were bound to the wheel of repetition, and to his jaded soul there were no "open windows of divine surprise."

Even so it is, nor could life be better planned. The law of repetition is a wise law, and by obeying it we attain to such perfection as is attainable upon these shores. In childhood we come into possession of our powers only by constant and tedious repetitions. The simple feat of getting up and sitting down would be difficult had we not performed it so many times. Our higher powers use the same rails to reach their destiny. Genius, it is said, has the ability to light its own fire, but that means splitting kindling and cutting wood, as well as strking the match. Any one familiar with the story of genius knows that it does things with effortless ease, only because it has done them so often. Line upon line, precept upon precept, is ever the law of learning. It is so in the moral world, where, as everywhere else, habit—the result of repetition—has its throne. For character is a fabric of habit woven of the warp of heredity and the woof of environment by the power of will in the loom of life.

How common is the spirit of repetition. Wordsworth was not content with the winding Yarrow, simply as an imagination; he must see it for himself, and after writing his "Yarrow Unvisited" he must write "Yarrow Visited." Tennyson, as a young man, had his passionate love experience at "Locksley Hall," but he could not leave it, and "Sixty Years After" had to go back and sing his early song over again in the mellow tones of ripening age. By a certain instinct the white-haired man is driven back to his boyhood home, to visit the old scenes and revel in the memories of days agone. The poet Hood had no monopoly of such memories. Thousands remember "the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn"; and the "fir trees, tall and high, whose giant tops seemed close to the sky," have grown in many yards. Something makes a man want to live over in his thought his boyhood days, and he will travel far to drink again from the old well, to see the sun set from the hill top, and to sit by the crackling blaze in the old fire-place. For, in truth, we die many deaths ere we are dead indeed, and we live many lives before we enter the life everlasting.

Artists of all classes are bound by the law of repetition. One realizes this repeatedly while reading the new "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," written by the Plutarch of the American stage. Perhaps no one loved Mansfield except those who were near him and knew his gentler side. We admired him, but we loved Joseph Jefferson, even as now we love David Warfield and his old "Music Master." The life of Jefferson was founded on love and pity, and his art was touched always with a tender pathos shot through with a subtle, half-pathetic humor, akin to tears. Mansfield, like Irving, was all cold intellect. He dazzled, he ruled, he swayed, but he did not win love. But what a magnificent figure he was, and how indefatigable his industry! Those who saw him in "The Scarlet Letter" will not soon forget the genius with which he dowered that story of two souls "fighting a dim battle in a doubtful land." Indeed, having seen this great artist die so often on the stage, we can hardly think that he is really dead. Some of us saw him starve to death in Beau Brummel, and die of old age in Ivan the Terrible. And it was indeed terrible. As Ivan drifted along toward imbecility, with fitful flashes of a once powerful mind, one saw the human decay—the creeping paralysis and slow crumbling of a great, cruel, crafty intellect. The voice of the actor took on a kind of hard raspingness that made one shudder. The stammering utterance glided into mere babbling, mumbling sounds which finally became a shriek, then the twitching of a body no longer able to express the lingering soul, and at last the white rigidity of the end. It made the heart stand still. There was no applause; men sat mute, smitten with the majesty and terror of it all. One who knew so well how to die must have met death in a manner worthy of death. All this high art came by the law of repetition. Again and again he returned in the spirit and power of genius and glorified the scenes in which he appeared.

So it is that we go forward by going backward. Retracing our steps, we set the old scenes in the light of enlarged experience, and they are new—as Newman has taught us in such memorable words as these: "How differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him as if he had never known them before, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then

he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival or among the Sabine Hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years; with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day is utterly unable to rival."

This is especially true of the Bible, whose great, undying words gather meaning for us from the years as they pass, as if they were magic mirrors reflecting our deepest sorrow, our highest joy, and the most secret feelings of our hearts. Returning to the Bible after every enlarging experience, every inner healing and cleansing of soul, we find in it our autobiography. And so we are come hither once more to read the old words that are always new, and to climb the altar-stairs of song that slope through melody up to God. He is a hard man who can listen to the grand old hymns, rich with the diction of the ages, wet with the tears of men, women and little children, and not be moved. They are indeed shining ladders whereon angels might ascend and descend. They touch our hearts, out of which are the issues of life; they utter our trembling speech to God; they help us to hope that dark death is something more than a "windowless palace of rest." Something in them makes us feel the pathos of life, makes us more gentle of heart, more pitiful to man and beast. And the more often we sing them the more tender and appealing they are, as if they gathered into their familiar melodies all the joy and woe, the aspiration and heart-beat, of all who sang them in days gone by.

In the art of life, not less than in the life of art, it is by repetition that we excel. Our spiritual accomplishments are won by the same law of grace. Contemplativeness, the sense of perspective and proportion in things, the habit of rising above the ordinary ambitions and entanglements of life, and the cultivation of that life of faith which is at once a restraint in prosperity and a consolation in adversity—it is for this that we return to the altar. Of course a man can worship without going to the temple; he can rear an altar in his own heart and offer his prayer. But he misses something if he neglects social worship, something high and fine which cannot be found in the lonely life of his own soul. By a strange social mystery, the touch of mind upon mind, mystical and magnetic, many souls are melted into one vast soul, many pleas into one prayer, and the mystery of God draws near. It is as if the union of many spirits formed a focus point for the Uncreated Light, falling from afar into our dark human world. The Mystics —those Teachers of Quietness—speak of "the Practice of the Presence of God,"—a phrase most suggestive of those habits of the soul whereby the unseen world is made real. But if we are to know this uplift and outlook of the soul, this vision of the far horizon, we must make for ourselves paths into the high places.

Men of the East have long had a fellowship with the things of the Spirit unknown to us, hence that Eternal Mysticism out of which the great religious were born. To us Spirit is, except at rare moments, little more than a delicate Presence blurring the outlines of thought, or a soft enroachment upon the loneliness of the heart, whereas to them the underlying and almighty reality is the living God, and the visible and tangible world is but a symbol of the real. Hence their deeper insight into Nature, which they interpret, and which we, with all of knowledge of the laws and uses of things, only represent, as Watts-Dunton has thrown in his great essay on "The Poetical Interpretation of Nature." Hence, also, the peculiar tonic and revealing quality of Eastern thought when it comes to us through such minds as Goethe, Wordsworth and Emerson—as if the earth had been dipped in some bright essence, and strange spiritual dew-drops sparkled on every blade of grass. It is the brooding, meditative life that we need, amidst the din and hum and litter of our labor, if the soul is to win in its war against dust, and if poetry is once more to spread its wings and justify the ways of God to man.

One has only to look into the lives of those citizens of eternity who have lived among us, to know with what beauty and grace habits of soul-culture invest this, our mortal life. Some of these men were poor, but poverty did not touch their souls. Others were rich, but wealth had no power to harden their hearts as it so often does. Nor did the tyranny of trifles oppress them. They laid up treasures in the high places where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where the thieves which rob us of our peace cannot break through and steal. They lived the serene, radiant, benignant life, with souls attuned to the whispers of those voices which tell us, if we have ears to hear, what life really is; lived abundantly and with glee, as the brothers of St. Francis used sometimes to burst into laughter in the midst of their services, so full were they of zest and joy of life.

It is a high quality of the soul that it can glorify places. A great soul can make any place holy—as in a Bowery saloon in New York there is a tablet telling us that Robert Louis Stevenson once stood on that spot. So he did, having run in out of the rain, shivering with cold, his slight frame wrung with that awful cough—and the place was never again the same. It is the same way when we read the "Literary Geography," by William Sharp, and follow the paths of Scott, Dickens, and the Bronte sisters, or the landscapes of the country of George Meredith. One need only visit the land of Lincoln to see that it is not so much where we are as what we are that makes life and its scenes worth while.

So it was that Jesus made forever memorable the villages and by-paths of Galilee. After his baptismal scene under a whispering sky, after his lonely and victorious battle with the Spirit of Evil in the wilderness, he might have sought a metropolitan opportunity. But he was always doing the unexpected thing. He returned to the crowded ways of Galilee with their motley and multi-colored multitudes, choosing not to escape from customary scenes, but to be more closely identified with them. Galilee was held in ill repute. Its reputation was a proverbial jest. But a large spirit can utilize a small sphere and add even a despised Galilee to the spiritual geography of mankind. Today, one could not take Galilee out of history, especially out of Christian history, without a loss which would be unbearable. The mighty works of Jesus were many of them wrought in Galilee. There the storm was stilled; there the Master was transfigured while he prayed; there the sick were healed, the lame were made to walk, and the gospel was preached to the poor. There were spoken some of the greatest words ever heard among men, including the Sermon on the Mount—the Magna Charta of the final civilization; and it was there that the gentle Teacher set his truths to simple words in the parables by the sea. How many good things came out of Galilee after Jesus returned to it in the power of the Spirit!

And how obvious is the suggestion of this hour. What we need is not new places, but a new and enlarging experience to take with us into the old haunts, No lot is too dingy, no place too humble, no labor too hard, to be transfigured by the spirit of him who redeemed and reclaimed Galilee. All of you know the Browning poem—the story of Theocrite, the boy who prayed so simply and sang so sweetly in his shop that God lifted him to the chair of Peter, and sent an angel to take his place at the bench. But Theocrite, the Pope, with all the glory of Rome around him, could not be content. Nor could the angel sing the song of the boy, and God missed his "little human praise." Still less could the great Pope find the ringing accents of his boyhood prayer until he laid aside his robes of office and obeyed the voice which said:

"Back to the cell and your employ,
Resume the craftsman and the boy."

Let us reappraise our lot in life, whatever it may be, bringing to it the largest, loftiest, loveliest thoughts, and by so doing we shall be rejoiced to find that

"Faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

Winning the World to Abstinence

AN ADDRESS BY JOSEPH H. CROOKER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN CHURCHES, CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1909

The Unitarian Temperance Society is a very small member of the large world-army, which is winning most important victories for humanity. Our own work, on account of limited funds, is comparatively inconspicuous. However, by pamphlet, newspaper publicity, and spoken word, we annually reach probably nearly a million people. But as the Unitarian field is the whole earth, we wish to report progress for our valiant comrades laboring far and wide: the most cosmopolitan mission among men, set in the horizon of universal humanity, animated by supreme unity of spirit and productive of the ultimate type of manhood, for the disciples of all Masters must be sober men.

Our warfare against drink outranks the noble campaign against the "white plague," for the victims of drunkenness far outnumber the consumptives of the land. One is a fight against a devouring disease; the other a victory over numberless evils in behalf of Christian character. We seek to liberate the race from the habit which imprisons more than the numbers in jails and penitentiaries, who themselves largely lose their liberty through drink. When men shall abstain, from public constraint and personal choice, the line of convicts will be short. We abolish a curse far greater than war. Drink kills a thousand where the sword slays one; and our drink bill is nearly ten times as large as the sum now spent on our army and navy. The victory we seek will be a supreme triumph for charity. When the saloons of our nation, which, if brought together would fill both sides of the road from Chicago to Boston—a thousand miles of woe and ruin—shall be shut by restrictive laws that suppress the traffic and by the education of men to avoid the habit,—then the poor-houses will have few inmates and philanthropies will have little to do. We labor for a greater blessing than public hygiene can accomplish. Sanitation is lengthening the span of human life, but our work not only adds years, it increases the content and ennobles the quality of human life, subtracting tears and heartaches and multiplying vigor and virtue. Our efforts both feed the roots of life and also destroy the enemies that kill the branches. Stop the use of liquors and every school will have brighter pupils and every community fewer divorces; every ballot will be more effective for good government and every city hall will be free from its worst influence.

We hear much in these days about "social justice." The impulse for social betterment is strong, the demand for economic reorganization is loud. And this is well. But no other injustice in the land is comparable to that which enables ten thousand brewers and distillers to transfer a billion dollars annually from the pockets of the poor to their own bank accounts. No other social betterment would be so great as the change from "moderate drinking" to total abstinence on the part of two million American laborers. It would mean higher wages, less sickness, better homes, larger savings, lower taxes, stronger churches. The curse of poverty: How vast! The injustice of monopoly: How evident! But the temperance advocate represents the most effective way of escape, not simply from poverty of things, but from poverty of life. We fight the deadliest monopoly: the liquor traffic that not only strips a man of his wages, but also robs him of home and heaven!

See what could be done if our workmen saved the billion dollars which they now spend on liquors: They could more than pay the national debt in one year. They could far outrank a dozen Carnegies by founding annually a thousand libraries in every state; and they could rival a hundred Rockefellers in gifts to education! They could build every year fifty macadamized highways from coast to coast, placing them every fifty miles apart from gulf to lakes, and these would double the value of a billion acres of land. By the money worse than wasted on drink, they could pay for a five thousand dollar life insurance or buy a fine house at the end of a few years. The loss in labor every day among these artisans, on account of drink, is more than what all the workmen in Chicago accomplish in a week. The basic fact in any economic organization is sobriety. The temperance cause represents the greatest movement for the conservation of our national resources. To hammer corporations and ignore the drink habit and the liquor traffic is like fighting disease with bread pills and continuing to use contaminated water. Drink is the greatest menace to the liberty and prosperity of the poor man.

Various fallacies respecting this matter, that have long cursed the race, are fast disappearing before the march of science. The worst superstitions of all the ages are those connected with liquor. But they are rapidly fading. In numberless laboratories, scientists are demonstrating that a constant use of small amounts of even mild liquor, after a temporary exhilaration, permanently slows thought, dulls perception, and weakens the will, making the drinker a less efficient student and a less competent workman. Its food value, at best, is small and uncertain, while its toxic influence upon the body is decisive. The scientist and the captain of industry have already utterly discredited the ancient fallacy that liberty to get drunk is a necessary element in moral discipline and

that restrictive laws will destroy the ethical fibre of the race. What ruins the brain cannot produce moral fibre and what fosters crime and lowers a man's industrial capacity cannot provide ethical training.

Other scientists of world renown forcibly prove that even occasional drinking makes the body far more susceptible to disease. In a British regiment in the Orient having three hundred total abstainers, the amount of sickness among them for a given period was one-half of one per cent, while it was two and one-half per cent (five times as large!) for the rest of the regiment. Still other scientists have shown that the drink habit leads to a veritable "slaughter of the innocents." Among twenty thousand babes the mortality at the end of eight months was 13 per cent where parents were abstainers, 23 per cent where parents were moderate, and 32 per cent where parents were customary drinkers: one child in five, in this particular group, sacrificed by the drink habits of parents!

No wonder that in the face of such facts grog is excluded from the German navy, and every recruit is given a pamphlet descriptive of the evils of liquor. Among doctors, the term for alcohol is coming to be "brain poison," and its use as a medicine is rapidly decreasing. Among lawyers, it is called "the crime-producer": Lord Chief Justice Alverstone of England recently declared that judges commonly hold it responsible for at least 90 per cent of crime.

The state cannot afford to accept revenues from the liquor business. The office of government is not to tax vice but to encourage virtue! Liquor pays our nation $200,000,000 a year. But this represents a vast financial, mental, and moral loss. Subtract the large sum spent in collecting this revenue. Then subtract the police, court, prison, and asylum expenses caused by this traffic. Then subtract the bills for doctors, drugs, nurses, hospitals, and undertakers, directly due to the drink habit. Then subtract the wages lost on account of incapacity through drink—$200,000,000 a year, as much as the government receives. Then subtract—we are now far down the minus side!—the vast sums spent by private and public charities to provide for the wrecks of intemperance. Over against this, add up the tears, heartaches, divorces, vices, crimes, ruined homes, diseased and neglected children; and say, if you can, that this is a wise way to support the government! The manufacture of liquor for drink is the very greatest economic waste. It is worse than employing laborers to dig and then fill useless holes in the ground. Every workman released from the liquor traffic would at once be re-employed on tasks that would contribute to the nation's real wealth and that would cause no woe or wrong.

The conscience and reason of mankind are fast coming to assert with tremendous earnestness that restrictive laws against the drink habit and the liquor traffic are no abridgment of personal liberty. Vices have no sacred privileges. The community has the right,—it is its duty,—to protect itself against all forms of evil. Liberty does not mean license to do wrong. The state prohibits lotteries, and the question of liberty is not raised. But drink is a far greater curse. The nations unite to prohibit the indiscriminate use of opium, and no outcry respecting freedom is raised. But alcohol is a more ruinous drug. Prohibition of the use of infected water is no abridgement of personal freedom. Restrictions against the "whisky-microbe" are equally necessary and justifiable. To insist on abstinence is to guarantee the highest freedom to all. Restrictive measures that foster the highest life of all men do not destroy the real freedom of a single man, while the license permitted the individual that injures the whole community is not true liberty for any man.

Certain pessimists dolefully wail: Men have always used liquor and we can never stop the drink habit. But Unitarians will not think so meanly of human nature! Impossible to control an evil custom? Slavery has been abolished. Bloody sacrifices have ceased. Piracy has stopped. Barbarities have vanished. And yet, strange to say, some people deny that the race can be educated to abandon liquors! But this is moral atheism. Medical science is changing the diet of people and preventing disease. Can not religious sentiment change the drinking of people and exalt human life? A race that has weighed the stars, tamed the lightnings, made the air a speaking tube so that continent may whisper to continent, and now rivals the flight of birds, can surely prevent drunkenness! When the danger is clearly seen and the ruin is generally felt, the victory will easily be won. We can stop the curse, when we sufficiently realize that it is a curse. What was done for a time in San Francisco, after its disaster, proves that all that is needed is a sufficient realization of our danger at this point.

The drink habit opens the door to disease and destitution and closes it against opportunity and happiness. Intemperance drives men away from home and heaven into sorrow and perdition. Science marks alcohol a deadly poison. Captains of industry, leaders of armies, teachers of youth, medical experts, insurance managers, trainers of athletes, prohibit its use. Charity mourns its ravages and staggers under its burdens. Courts swarm with its criminal products. Religion warns against its widespread ruin. The state wrestles with its gigantic evils. Only unholy greed appeals through it to gross appetite and thereby pushes thousands into poor-houses, prisons, asylums, and untimely graves.

The liquor monopoly, in restraint of virtue, is the greatest enemy of home and school, of church and state; while it prospers children perish, education suffers, the gospel languishes, and statehouses are flooded with corruption. The saloon is the greatest foe to peace and prosperity, to freedom and manhood, which the church must destroy or itself suffer ruin. The brewery, that turns good barley into liquid death, brews nothing but sorrows and crimes. The distillery, that transforms good food into poison for body and soul, distills in the end a flood of tears. The suppression of the drink habit by education and the destruction of the liquor traffic by legislation constitute the most effective "Applied Christianity." Laws against the "Whisky-Trust," which corrupts everything human and blights everything divine, foster life and protect liberty. Statutes restricting the use of alcohol favor freedom and fortune. To conquer the drink habit is to conserve the greatest of our national resources—manhood. Total abstinence is the highway of human progress. Drinking liquor is the surrender of personal independence; sobriety, the perfection of individual liberty and civic freedom. Indifference to the temperance cause is supreme disloyalty to Christ. Neutrality toward the saloon is treason to humanity. In the work of social betterment, all socialistic programs are insignificant beside the victory for temperance which would destroy the sources of poverty and improve the character of human life. A vote against

whisky is a master-stroke for civilization and Christianity.

The whole horizon is bright with promise. In Russia, half a million people attend weekly temperance lectures. Iceland and Japan, Bulgaria and Mexico, join hands in victories for sobriety. A hundred thousand Good Templars in Germany, where lawyers and doctors, professors and students are declaring for total abstinence. Two million employes in our nation under orders to avoid drink. Half our population and two-thirds our territory under stringent restrictions. Millions of young people in our public schools taught and trained to abstain from liquors. Our Seattle Exposition free from the curse. The Catholic Church in America taking the most advanced grounds for temperance, Cardinal Gibbons recently declaring that "the agitation is getting a foothold which eventually will mean wide-spread prohibition"!

In Sweden, 12,000 enthusiastic students pledged to total abstinence. In Denmark, the names of over half the adult population recently put on a petition for restrictive legislation. Insurance companies and fraternal orders barring the users of liquors. The drink bill of Great Britain decreased nearly $50,000,000 in 1908. The economists and scientists in France, Switzerland, Austria, and Hungary loud in warnings. Some 1,500 periodicals throughout the world exclusively devoted to the cause. Magazines and newspapers fast refusing liquor advertisements. No liquor allowed in working men's clubs in Finland. In the British navy, 25,000 total abstainers; forty per cent of the 60,000 imperial troops in India also total abstainers. The W. C. T. U. binding the continents and the isles of the sea in the web of its white ribbons!

At the recent International Congress on Alcoholism, in London, 1,500 delegates were in attendance from twenty-six countries, the largest number (150)) being from Germany, whose present chancellor sent hearty greetings. A prominent field marshal of the imperial army, a distinguished admiral, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Prime Minister—to mention only British names—made earnest and impressive addresses. We may well sing in jubilant hope and great gladness:

> "A loftier race
> Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
> With flame of freedom in their souls,
> And light of knowledge in their eyes."

Not Afraid

Some philosopher has said, "It is not death but dying of which we are afraid," but Dr. Shears, whose recent death was noticed in UNITY, was not afraid even of dying. And when death comes, as in his case, a step at a time, with quiet, sure approach, a little nearer each day and plainly visible to all, then the test is a great one. We should be grateful to any friend who shows us how to die, for this is part of the great lesson of self-renunciation which life teaches us all along the way. But why call it renunciation when every loss holds such large measure of gain? To some of us who watched our brother's slow-departing sail over the mystic sea and came to know him better then than in the days of health and busy activity, he seems more truly alive and with us now than ever before.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Correspondence

Editor UNITY: I have been re-reading some of the old stand-by books—"The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," one of which is as devout as the other; "Ivanhoe," "Vanity Fair," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Hypatia," "Romola," Sienkiewicz's "With Fire and Sword," and "Progress and Poverty." There is a pleasure and an educational value in re-reading those books that were familiar to us in our youth, which one does not get from the latest books. The new aspect with which they present themselves shows beauties which have been overlooked or underestimated. Among others of the friends of my youth I found Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar," which is a very excellent book, and has not at all survived its usefulness.

"In my youthful days Miss Phelp's 'The Gates Ajar' was a forbidden book. A dear uncle who always bestowed books had given it to us, and our minister happening to see it, urged my mother to place it beyond our reach, as it was a "dangerous book." Now every new book was to me a fresh joy, and to have one removed before I read it, was a grievance not to be borne. In those days I seldom made an outcry. I had learned its futility in a large family, so I said nothing, but I determined to find that book. I did; and then came the question of how I should read it. Only one course presented itself, and that required foregoing my morning nap, which then as now is worth more to me than my night sleep. Sunday, the only free morning, found me curled up on a broad shelf that I could barely reach, feverishly reading that book, with my attention distracted by the necessity of keeping an ear open for sounds of life above stairs. Then the book had to be placed again on that top shelf among other stored articles not meant for children. It seemed so long to wait from week to week to read further, but I spent much of the time between speculating on "heavenly things." The book was tremendous to me and almost appalled me at first, but to it I owe much of that toleration which led many more strict church members to doubt, in later years, whether or not I was a 'good Baptist at all.' It did not matter whether I was a 'good' Christian.

"Now, it seems so insufficient and unsatisfactory, that it makes me laugh a little sadly to think of the state of mind and soul that could call it'dangerous.' The amusing thing is that my dear mother, who has accepted so many broader, more liberal things, still refuses to read that book, because 'the minister' called it dangerous. 'Tis thus that one narrow person may hold many in bondage." BOLTON HALL.

September 21, 1909.

I doubt whether the wisest of us know what our own motives are, and whether some of the actions of which we are the proudest will not surprise us when we trace them, as we shall one day, to their source.
—*William Makepeace Thackeray, in Pendennis.*

It is not any theory about God, even the best, that makes life worth living. It is God himself; the order of his universe; his mornings and evenings; his sunshine and his stars; his springtime resurrections; his human love; his little children. Because God is, life is worth living. —*John W. Chadwick.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Son of Mary Bethel

There is a new Spirit, new in its expression but not in its power, the Spirit of Unity, the Spirit that inspires the Peace Conferences and the Settlement workers and the agitators. It finds one mouth-piece in "The Son of Mary Bethel."

The principal character is a clear replica of Jesus, who, often in the words of the older religions, preaches the New Gospel of Love. Many through this book will absorb the teachings of the Vedas and the Zend Avestas and the Bhagavad Ghita, who will not recognize them in the New Testament doctrines. It is not easy to write a book that will show the self-education of the divine mind without striking the orthodox believer as blasphemous; but Mrs. Barker has done it. We could wish that this author had given her own rendering of the last chapters of Job and of some verses of the Psalms instead of quoting the authorized version.

There is an absence of social questions, the more notable in this age because the author is a theoretic socialist.

There is a foolish attempt nowadays to differentiate mental and spiritual healing and to distinguish mental from spiritual science; just as divide things of which we know nothing into Hypnotism, Suggestion, etc.; but "The Son of Mary Bethel" makes no such difference; he heals by the power of the Spirit, the same as even the doctors uncommonly do.

Here and there the poetic bent of this adept in poetry shines out in a new exegesis revealed in a word. "We are indeed," says James, "twelve baskets filled to the rim and piled up with the bread of heaven."

Nowhere does the author tell us that this is a modernized Christ. Yet the words breathe his love and idealism and his disregard of legal standards. "Would you know how to be sure whether an action is right or wrong?" he says; "there is a test: Is it inspired by unselfish love?" And Jesse applied the rule himself before he formulated it, in covering the crime of a companion who had stolen a cow. Sometimes the parables are paraphrased so gently as to bring out some unsuspected meaning.

The incidents flow gently and naturally and the interest is well sustained through nearly two hundred thousand words. The book is already named as one of the six "best sellers" and will undoubtedly serve to call renewed attention to the much neglected humanness of Jesus. BOLTON HALL.

*"The Son of Mary Bethel," by Elsa Barker. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

The Laws of Friendship

Religion has been presented as a code of morals and metaphysics, and when so presented has been considered in purely intellectual relations. Again it has been viewed as an experience of supernatural power seizing and transforming the will. In that case religious interest turned to the problem of the will's freedom or necessitation. Through it all, simple piety has known that religion was communion of person with person and has used the language of friendship and love. How seldom, however, have men realized that the problems of intellectual authority or of coercive force have little relation to the life of friendship! Dr. King renders a service to religious clarity, therefore, when he studies the ways of friendship. What, he asks, are the fundamental laws of personal life? Upon what basis must friendship, human and divine, be established? Upon what conditions maintained? By what motives and means deepened and strengthened? It is obvious that these questions are related to the most intimate happiness of every life, and the book, with its refined insight into human experiences, with its grave wisdom and its charm of simple expression, will minister to the needs of many readers. FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

*The Laws of Friendship, Human and Divine. By Henry Churchell King, President of Oberlin College. New York, The Macmillan Co., 1909, pp. X, 159.

What They Say

Like the unhasting and unresting stars of Gœthe, the *Unity Endowment Fund* goes quietly, slowly, cheerfully along. Perhaps the faith of our readers will increase and their interest deepen if from time to time we give a hint of what comes to our editorial table.

Writes a never-failing friend from New York:

"In reply to an appeal for the excellent UNITY I gladly enclose this small check, wishing it might be much larger."

A subscriber in northern Wisconsin writes:

"Dear Comrade: Enclosed find my contribution to the UNITY Endowment Fund. It would be disaster irreparable if UNITY had to collapse just as the skirmishing is over and the battle just begun. If we would all make a sacrifice according to our ability, the work would be easily done."

From a Boston Unitarian minister:

"*In re* the UNITY Endowment, I have been waiting, hoping that some windfall might enable me to make a generous contribution to your fund. But I conclude that a little now will be better than none at all, so that I gladly enclose my check for $5.00. Sorry that it is so little, for I am deeply interested in what you are doing."

From another Massachusetts reader:

"I see you have dropped me from the list. I am not willing to be dropped. Of course the original proposition was that I was willing to be one of the thousand supporters to the extent of $30.00, but as this seems to move slowly, the original question recurs, 'What will you do for UNITY *now?*' The enclosed check will be my answer. I should be very sorry to lose UNITY, both for the personal benefit and for the good I believe it is doing, not to speak of my admiration for the splendid faith of its founder."

A college president from the Pacific slope sends his check.

One who thinks of UNITY in three figures writes:

"I have read little in UNITY or elsewhere for several months because of failing sight, or I might have responded earlier to the call. Should UNITY disappear, one of the lights of civilization would have gone out. May it long survive!"

Look without!
Behold the beauty of the day, the shout
Of colour to glad colour, rocks and trees!
And sun and sea and wind and sky! All these
Are God's expression, art-work of his hand,
Which men must love ere they may understand,
By which alone he speaks till they have grace
To hear his voice and look upon his face.
—*Richard Hovey.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—If we think we can do nothing for others it is good to know that we can be something; that our patience or cheerfulness or nobility shines for them.

MON.—There is no culture that is so rich and complete as a truly great friendship.

TUES.—Mean to be something with all your might; but don't dare to be so absorbed in self as to forget your fellowmen. Keep the upward window open.

WED.—A man's joy in what he has to do is the heart and soul of his relation to it, or rather it is the relation of his heart and soul to it.

THURS.—You cannot kill any one of the appetites by starving it. You must give the mind the true food of wholesome amusement and some unselfish pursuit.

FRI.—You cannot do your duty to the poor by a society; your life must touch their life.

SAT.—All earnest, pure, unselfish men have helped to make the great man; God has let none of them be wasted.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

NIGHT-BORN

The fairest blossom of the light
Was nurtured in the womb of Night,
  An alien to the sun;
And to her bosom must she need
Recall each love-selected seed,
  When blossom-time is done.

And we by baptism of sleep
Her children—waken but to keep
  The memory of charms
And promises, that ne'er too soon,
Despite the blandishments of Noon,
  Restore us to her arms.

—*John B. Tabb, Harpers' Magazine* (September.)

"When She Goes Back to Teach School"

The gender of the pronoun used in the title above is not intended to preclude the application of my little story to teachers of the other sex, or suggest that any message it conveys is exclusively *ours*.

Once upon a time I was assisting in an institute in central Wisconsin. I was so fortunate as to find a home with one of the old families of the place, and in a comfortable, large, low-ceilinged, well-aired room, I settled down for my two-weeks' stay.

There were in this pleasant household two little girls of about six or seven years of age, not regular members, but under the charge of the daughter of the house for the summer. One whom I will call Margaret, was a relative; the other, Olga, was a motherless Norwegian child.

These little girls occupied a room next to mine, and I very soon learned to find it convenient to take a short rest from my study or other work, when their bed-time came; for the loose-fitting door between our rooms made it quite impossible for me to be otherwise than entirely cognizant of the program which, under the direction of their gentle guardian, was carried out every night when prayer-time came.

These prayers were a most touching exhibition of childish faith, and simple penitence, as well as an interesting study of the force of imitation, and of innocent and somewhat amusing competition. Margaret first prayed for forgiveness of all the naughtiness of the day, "O Lord forgive me for being saucy to grandpa, and for hurting my kitty,"—thus the enumeration would proceed to the end of the list. Sometimes the confession took the form of a plea for help in avoiding at another time the errors of the day, as when she would say, "Oh Lord, don't let me be selfish and keep the swing away from Olga." Finally, would come invariably the petition for blessings upon all whom she could think of, ending with the remembrance of the members of the family.

Olga, not so "gifted in prayer" would then take her turn, endeavoring not to fall behind her competitor either in length or earnestness of petition. When at last the extemporaneous effort ended, sweetly and fluently the words of a prayer in Norwegian, probably familiar to her lips from infancy, would come to my ears. Then I knew that the nightly program was about to close. Refreshed I would renew my work.

My interest in the children grew. Yet I found them reticent; the best I could do resulted in little progress towards their confidence and favor. Miss ——— told me that Olga had a most unhappy time in school and that she seemed to dread teachers. Miss ——— thought Olga had communicated her dislike to Margaret. She had heard them instruct their dolls who were being sent off to school by their little mothers, not to mind it if "the mean old thing of a teacher" did scold them and slap them. They had asked her if I was a "truly teacher." When told that I was they had probably drawn their own conclusions and had acted accordingly.

The final evening of my stay arrived, and I was packing to take the night train. The shyness of my little neighbors had by this time worn off sufficiently for them to feel, with the help of a little suggestion from Miss ———, that they could come to my room and bid me an affectionate good-bye.

Soon after they had returned to their room, Margaret opened the devotional exercises as usual. These I noticed casually, being too busy to listen; but soon my attention was fixed by hearing my own name fervently mentioned. This is what I heard: "Oh, Lord, bless Mrs. Bradford when she goes away in the cars tonight, don't let her get hurt. When she gets to where she is going, please let her get rested, and Oh, Lord, when she gets back to teach school, *don't let her be mean.*"

This is my prayer for you all, fellow teachers of little children,—yes, and of big children, as well,—when you "go back to teach school" this fall. May you be able to take up the work with love and sympathy for the boys and girls given into your charge. It is the absence of this sympathy, so quickly and keenly felt by children, which, in their lack of a more discriminating term they call "meanness"; as it was the presence of this sympathy manifesting itself in all the activities of the school that led another little friend of mine when lacking a more appropriate word, to say of her teacher, "Oh, papa, she is so restful."

The remembrance of her own childhood with its joys and sorrows; the stirring of her imagination as a means to putting herself in the child's place—these are the well-springs of sympathy. Belief in the importance of her work and prayerful effort toward perfection in it with a far-sightedness of aim that sees beyond immediate means to the character goal beyond, together with patience to wait for results—these make for wisdom, which combined with sympathy make a combination of glorious possibilities. Thus equipped there can be no doubt what the effect upon her children will be "when she goes back to school."

—*The Wisconsin Journal of Education.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

UNITY GLEANINGS

Let me forego "Foreign notes" this busy Conference week and present some gleanings from nearer home, that will not take long to prepare. Some weeks ago I gave in these columns a description of the Unity headquarters in Kansas City, Mo., Abraham Lincoln Centre and Unity headquarters, two living, growing, dynamic centres of life and blessing, each, under God, brought into visibility primarily by the loving heart, tireless hand, active brain and potent words of one man. Each has its organ, UNITY, one a weekly paper, the other a monthly magazine, unspeakably dear to the hearts of the respective editors because carrying a message far beyond the range of the human voice and the spoken word.

They are not working on parallel lines, these two organizations. God be thanked for that! for we learned in our school days that such lines can never meet, however far each may be prolonged. We do not think much of such lines today. To the scientist and the metaphysician, the electrician and the poet, the musician and the astronomer, the man of open vision everywhere, the universe is full of radiating lines, a wonderful network of currents, wavelets and vibrations, all speeding swiftly from, or converging to, a center, all unified and harmonized by the controlling power of Love Omnipotent. God bless, then, each dear UNITY and speed its message!

UNITY magazine cultivates, in one way, a strictly limited field, yet that field is as broad as humanity and the whole animate creation, the seed sowing and cultivating go so straight to the root of the matter, that UNITY utterances, even when most unexpected, are very stimulating and, if followed up, eventually convincing. Here are a few brief samples from the current number:

"You will find life's problems much easier to solve if you will let go of the old idea of a chastening God, and look upon God as a living, loving Father, leading and guiding you tenderly, that you may not bruise your heel. God is constantly leading us from darkness into light; he never forces his Love and Light upon any of us, only step by step can he lead us as we let go of our own self-sufficiency and wilfulness. What does it mean to you, when you in loving trust turn to the Father within, saying, 'Thy will bedone?' What yould your attitude of mind be if your son should come to you and say, 'Mother, I gladly and willingly desire to do your will?' Would you feel like chastening him? We think not. Long before he turned to you for advice, your love had gone out to him, trying to help and guide him. God's love is immeasurably greater than man's."

Here is a wise word on behalf of our animal friends: "Household pets are negative mentalities, and for this reason are subject to the adverse emanations of the mind, particularly in its subconscious activities.

"You should guard against giving them an overdose of affection. The animal creation has its distinct place in the universe, and it must not be confused with the higher orders of manifestation. It is unwise to hold an animal in an attitude that suggests the human; the result of such treatment is that it is disquieted in its own state, as it is not fitted to the human plane. This creates confusion and disturbance.

"The treatment of animals on the part of women who love the lesser intelligences is that of soul-forcing, which is extremely unkind. The intelligence that builds the animal form should not be enticed from its proper sphere by overpetting or by the bestowal of attention such as is properly given to a child. God has given the animal its own order of life, its own method of caring for its young and its own means of self-preservation. These should not be disturbed by a tenderness which lavishes itself in coddling."

Next time you want to "give some one a piece of your mind" think of this: "If in 'giving a piece of your mind' to your friends you would be very prayerful and make it the Christ-mind, you would be doing them the good which you should always do those of whom you think and to whom you speak.

"There is just one thing to be done under such circumstances, and that is to commit your friends to the love of Spirit, and go about your ways as if everything were right, *as it is*. There is fulness of good for you and for them. Recognize this, but do not claim that this good must come in a certain way."

There are more good things where these came from M. E. H.

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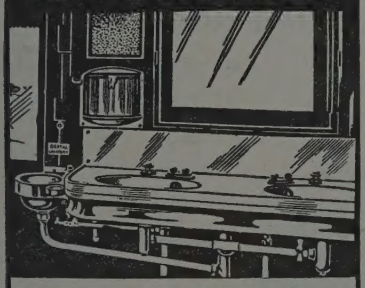

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